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# THE GREEN CALDRON

A MAGAZINE OF FRESHMAN WRITING



## CONTENTS

<i>Jean Dewhirst: The Difference Between a Classical and a Pragmatic Education . . . . .</i>	1
<i>Ronald W. Sadewater: Somebody Does Care . . . . .</i>	3
<i>Donna Toika. Fathers Are Nice, But Mothers Are Smarter . . . . .</i>	5
<i>Joan McDiarmid: Tall Girl . . . . .</i>	6
<i>S. Ward Hamilton, III: The Craziest Event of My Life . . . . .</i>	7
<i>Joseph E. Guderian: Only Eight Seconds? . . . . .</i>	8
<i>Gail Dent: The First Clue . . . . .</i>	8
<i>David Berman: Toward Safer Sports Car Racing . . . . .</i>	9
<i>John B. Means: The Moscow Mother Goose . . . . .</i>	11
<i>Sayre D. Andersen: The Real Meaning of College . . . . .</i>	12
<i>William L. Magnuson: Swan Song . . . . .</i>	13
<i>Frances Aulisi: "Literature is printed nonsense," Strindberg . . . . .</i>	14
<i>Wolfgang Schulz: A Vision . . . . .</i>	16
<i>Joanne E. Ruck: Son of Man . . . . .</i>	17
<i>Norman Mysliwies: The Love of Life . . . . .</i>	19
<i>Eugene Bryerton: Good Lord . . . . .</i>	19
<i>Phillip A. Weibler: Where I Would Like to Be Now . . . . .</i>	21
<i>Frederick R. Wells: Where the City Ends . . . . .</i>	22
<i>William C. Willoughby: Cayucas I Have Known . . . . .</i>	23
<i>Rhet as Writ . . . . .</i>	28

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Members of the committee in charge of THE GREEN CALDRON are Phyllis Rice, Edward Levy, James MacIntyre, George Estey, and Carl Moon, Editor.

# Somebody Does Care

RONALD W. SADEWATER

*Rhetoric 101, Theme 7*

The tenderfoot hunters from the city followed amazed as their trusty guide directed them through the pathways and byways of the forest in search of game. By day and by night, his unerring sense of direction and location seemed infallible. This remarkable ability caused one of the hunters to inquire, "Say, have you ever been lost in your life?"

"Well, not exactly lost," came the reply, "but I was awfully confused for about a week once."

This little anecdote illustrates the quandary facing the average college freshman as he starts his college career. The degree of bewilderment will vary with the individual, but the situation in itself is fairly universal. This condition is brought about by the abrupt transition from the hum-drum of everyday life to the hurly-burly of the college campus during freshman week. All the roots of seventeen or eighteen years' growth are brutally yanked up and transported to an alien soil. Here the stripling must take root and become self-sustaining again. The job of thriving well in a new climate and environment is the crux of the problem. Unless the student can adjust favorably in a comparatively short time, he may find that the inability to do so will be a major deterrent to his progress in the classroom and elsewhere.

Certainly, it can be said that the first few weeks in school are hectic for the freshman. It cannot be otherwise when all the factors are considered. Along with the acquisition of a new home, come new friends and neighbors. These friends and neighbors bring about adjustments in behavior and attitudes as the processes of "getting along" and "belonging" begin. All sorts of tests are taken, until the freshman wishes he had never heard of an IBM card or a placement examination. When the tests are finished, the freshman is plunged into the registration maelstrom and whirled around for a day or two. If he is lucky, a weekend breather will follow this, before the beginning of classes and more woe.

With the start of classes, the student must buckle down and apply himself immediately. Class schedules usually end up so arranged that the ten-minute break cannot be used in any manner except in running hither or yon. Students who want morning classes attend in the afternoon; those desiring afternoon classes attend in the morning. The first day in class finds homework being assigned, even though books have not yet been purchased. This is no problem, however, for the bookstores are seldom crowded or out of stock. The assignment itself is given in a low tone of voice as the instructor noisily stuffs



his papers in a briefcase. Anyone who doesn't get the assignment is a rotten egg.

All of these things compounded together in the first few weeks make the university seem to be a cold and forbidding institution that has only one desire in mind, to discourage the meek and send them scurrying home disgusted, panicked, or dazed.

At this point the phrase, "nobody cares," suggests itself to the student. With this attitude in mind, the freshman plods along day by day in a zombie-like existence, little caring what happens. He goes here and there at a given time because that is what his schedule says to do. Classes somehow come and go with the student little realizing what is going on or why. If this state continues, another student will be gone before the term is very old.

Fortunately, however, at this point the transition usually begins to manifest itself. While sitting in a class one day, the words of the professor accidentally pierce the hard outer shell of the cranium and lodge in the soft core of the brain. One statement ignites a spark and causes the fledgling student to realize that the instructor knows his onions and, if this is true, that there might be something in college life after all. The neophyte begins to see things that were hidden for awhile under a cloak of homesickness or melancholy. He suddenly sees that people do care. His schoolmates care, although they are busy and have troubles of their own. They are not too busy, however, to lend a hand with a trig problem or a rhet theme that will not jell. Parents at home do care and didn't ship him off to be forgotten. By not running down to see their boy or girl every week, or not having them home, they are doing a great service to the student. They are removing a crutch that must be done without. Parents who assist their children too much perform a great disservice.

Teachers and faculty do care, also, although not in the overindulgent manner of their school cousins. In high school the teacher led the way while the student followed. If a student lagged, a teacher would help him forward. Balky students were even pushed through. Here in college the student must lead or lag on his own. Instructors will not chase a student and wipe his nose for him. A sincere student in difficulty, however, can find help close at hand. A short session during a teacher's office hours has straightened out many a student. With a little effort on the student's part, college life can be profitable in both fun and education. The buildings that were cold and lonely become warm and friendly. Instructors that seemed to be of another breed turn out to be normal and understanding members of the human race. If the student is willing to carry his share, he need not fear. The way is hard, but the path has been blazed by thousands of others in the same situations. At times, the student may again become awfully confused, but at this point he should remember that people really do care.

# Fathers Are Nice, But Mothers Are Smarter

DONNA TOIKA  
*Rhetoric 101, Theme 10*

The day I was born, I automatically acquired a father. Although I wore pink booties, he insisted on bringing me up on a basis of comradeship. Consequently, I could shoot a whisky bottle off a fence post at one hundred yards, and I took special pride in my ability to bait a fish-hook securely with a squirming worm.

I don't know where my mother was during these formative years, but Daddy seemed to have a free hand with my education. My grade school days were spent in an ecstasy of egotism. I could outrun, outswear, outfight, outclimb, outswim, and outsmart any boy in the school. In the fourth grade I gave the playground bully a bloody nose, and in the sixth grade I threw a dead mouse I had smuggled into the room at a particularly fat, obnoxious male classmate. I was a flashy third baseman and the proud possessor of a delicious vocabulary, of words Daddy sometimes used, that was the envy of my stalwart buddies.

Disaster! High school. My stalwart buddies began sharing their bubble gum with a group of dull creatures who couldn't even throw a baseball. These young ladies began blossoming forth in ruffled petticoats, patent leather shoes, and fresh permanents.

I was crushed. This crisis brought my mother to my rescue. Always understanding, she steered me downtown and bought me a pair of nylon stockings and a tube of "Kissable" lipstick. The nylon stockings slithered down my skinny legs, and the lipstick was smeared from my nose to my chin, but I clung tenaciously to my new-found femininity. I knew that I must repair the damage wrought by my thoughtless father. So, I began running with my hips, turning up my nose at worms, and screaming at the sight of a mouse. I unlearned all my treasured skills of field and stream, buried my baseball mitt, and let my pet snakes out of their cages. I studied all the ways and wiles of the civilized predatory female and developed my personal charms.

I thought my father would disown me, but after a few snorts and sneers, he accepted his ungrateful child. I have become proficient in the gentle arts of trickery and treachery. My two-fisted younger days seem forever lost. However, even now I sometimes find myself slipping from that marble pedestal. Just last week I was playing a game of chess with an admirer (the admiration is mutual). I lost my head and swept down the board in a crushing offense. With his ashen face as a clue, I realized my stupid mistake and managed rather cleverly, I thought, to maneuver my queen into a position to be taken. He thinks I'm terrific, so I lost the battle but won the war and now have a permanent chess partner. Fathers are nice, but mothers are smarter.



# Tall Girl

JOAN McDIARMID

*Rhetoric 101, Theme 1*

I had just received my picture, taken of our class as a group. Like any normal second grader, I rushed home to show it to Mom, thrilled at the prospect of pointing out all my friends to her. One of our neighbors happened to be there when I arrived, and as we looked at the picture she said, "Oh, so this is Miss Baumgartner, your teacher!" My heart was broken. Mrs. Smith apologized, then left discreetly. But her words never left my mind. Because I towered over my classmates, she had mistaken me for the teacher.

I lived in the same town all my life and attended school with the same group of children. From first grade through tenth, I was the tallest. It was for this reason that my teachers took a special interest in me. I loved school work and always received the highest marks, but I frequently used my studying as an excuse for not going out. In reality I was hiding behind my books, hoping that I would be invited to a party, but fearing that the unavoidable remarks about my size would be made.

When I was in the sixth grade I naturally began to take an interest in the opposite sex. This attraction only added to my misery, for I invariably got a "crush" on the shortest boy in the class. There was one fellow in particular whom I adored for three years. He had blue-gray eyes, brown curly hair, a beautiful complexion and a very muscular physique. But he was five foot two and I was five foot seven. All the girls teased me about this secret love of mine. I often heard the remark, "Why not pick on someone your own size?"

The worst of all my anxieties came on Friday afternoons of my eighth year in school. My principal insisted that everyone had to attend dancing class. So at two o'clock all the girls gathered on one side of the classroom, giggling and fluttering around, and the boys sauntered over to the opposite side, talking loudly to hide their terror at the prospect of dancing. I never flitted around anywhere, so I just sat in a corner, nervously waiting to be asked to dance. The music started and soon one of the braver boys crossed the floor and asked a girl the anxiously awaited question: "May I have this dance?" As soon as the ice was broken, the rest of the boys charged across the room like a herd of wild horses and clamored around the girls. Soon everyone was dancing; but somehow, in the mad rush, I was left sitting alone. This was one of the most agonizing experiences in my childhood. Of course, as soon as the principal saw my dilemma, he either forced one of the fellows to dance with me, or he performed the duty himself. Then, as I was dancing, I always had the humiliating experience of looking down at my partner.

I hid behind my books until I was a junior in high school. Then Mother

Nature set to work. One day I put my books down and discovered that everyone had grown five inches. I no longer looked down my nose at my classmates. I looked them straight in the eye and discovered that they weren't making fun of me. I was not a tall girl any more, just average.

## The Craziest Event of My Life

S. WARD HAMILTON, III

*Rhetoric 102, Theme 11*

THE ACTION AROUND MY HOUSE WAS THE LEAST WHEN I kicked off for the corner pool hall. Down at Side Pocket Sam's there was a little buzz on. The cats were in heated verbal airing over the crazy caper that Duke had just pulled.

When I walked in, Sam, the head barkeep and owner, was about to give Duke the heave-ho for creating such a racket.

It seemed that Duke had conned his way into a fast game of slop. He was just pocketing the money he had collected from the two cubical persons that he was playing when Sam broke up the game. Sam was one of the most respected boozes dishers on Twelfth Street, so Duke could only pick up his chips and bug his way to the street.

It wasn't that Sam didn't like Duke, but the local arm had been putting the heat on. Sam later pitched me the word that the head boss had not been getting his weekly keep. Sam said, "The election is not far off and therefore all books, cards, and local action must douse the glimmer."

As Duke and I made our way up the gutter he asked me for the news about my latest kicks. I laid it to him cold that I had been very frantic lately.

We stopped in front of the corner drug-store and took in the latest sights. It was then that Duke brought from his pocket a brown leaf. He asked me whether I would like one. I tried to play it cool. Once again Duke offered the tube to me. This time I was afraid that if I didn't take it he would think me a chicken.

This was the first time that I had ever been offered the hop. The most important event of my life was at hand. I had seen many people with monkeys on their backs, and this was usually always the first step. From the golden leaf they became users, first to sniff, then to slow-ball horse, and finally main line.

I gave Duke the wave. No, I wasn't going to fall into that dark, unfathomed cave.

Duke and I cut out and headed for the park. As we walked I hummed that new tune from the picture that was playing at the Orpheum, *The Man with the Golden Arm*.



# Only Eight Seconds?

JOSEPH E. GUDERIAN

*Rhetoric 100, Theme 2*

I leaned against the board fence, looking at the ground, my hands stuck deep in my pockets. I listened with half interest to the occasional roar of the crowd and the blaring voice through the loud speaker. Soon it would be my turn and the crowd would be roaring for me and the blaring voice through the loud speaker would be talking about me.

Then, there it was. Over the speaker came the words, "And out of chute four, riding Hell's Fire—" I didn't listen to any more. I knew my time had come.

I grabbed the top board of the fence and climbed up. I looked down into the chute, and there he stood, the meanest looking red horse a man would ever want to see. I carefully lowered myself onto the horse's back. He jumped a bit. He flattened his ears against his head and rolled his eyes backward to look at me. His eyes glowed like a thousand coals. It didn't take much of an imagination to see where he got his name. I slipped my gloved hand into the hand stirrup, pulled my Stetson down tight, and nodded to the man at the gate.

The big gate swung open, and the horse was off like a shot. The battle between man and horse was on.

The first leap carried us well into the arena. I swung my legs up and dug my spurs deep into the horse's shoulders. He lowered his head and arched his back. My spurs again found their mark, this time in his neck. His back straightened out, and he bucked to the right. I leaned into the buck. He suddenly veered left and almost lost me. I gained my balance as the horse went down, almost touching his belly to the ground. Then, as if catapulted, he shot straight up and came down with a jarring thud. My hat flew off. Then I heard that blessed sound: the whistle blew and my time was up. I threw my left leg over the horse's head, removed my hand from the stirrup, and came sailing off the horse's back.

I limped over, picked up my hat, and started walking back to the chutes.

# The First Clue

GAIL DENT

*Rhetoric 101, Theme 10*

Three long hours ago the sun had come up from the murky waters of Lake Michigan, but now it was nowhere in sight. As I walked down the lonely beach, all the world seemed to be in mourning; thick grey fog enveloped the earth like a shroud.



I knew it was just about this time the day before when the crash had occurred. We had been sitting in the kitchen, looking out over the lake, when we had noticed a plane hovering close to the surface of the water. Suddenly, it had become a ball of fire and dropped silently into the lake. The next news broadcast told the story of the mysterious crash of a jet from the nearby air base. It had been piloted by an experienced navy man, and there was no sign of him at the scene of the wreckage.

Today I felt compelled to sit on the beach and stare out into the lake. Occasionally I heard the drone of a search plane flying blindly through the fog above. It seemed as though I had been sitting there for hours, listening to the dull slapping of the waves against the sand. My dog and a few sea gulls were the only other living creatures on the broad beach.

Just as I grew restless and thought of going back to the house, a tiny orange speck caught my eye. It was bobbing on the waves about three hundred feet out and coming closer every minute. I had no idea what it could be, but I resigned myself to waiting patiently for it to float in. My dog, however, had no such control and plunged bravely into the frigid water to retrieve the fascinating object. After quite a struggle, he was bringing it back to shore. I'll never forget how disappointed I was when he dropped half of an old, beaten-up life jacket at my feet. Even though it seemed worthless to me, I decided to take it to the coast guard about a mile down the beach. I was embarrassed to bring them such an insignificant-looking object, but to my surprise it was taken to the captain immediately. He looked at the few remaining letters imprinted on its side and decided that the jacket had belonged to the missing pilot. He was now assumed dead, and the air search was called off. The coast guard took over my lonely watch on the beach, waiting for the body to float in.

## Toward Safer Sports Car Racing

DAVID BERMAN

*Rhetoric 102, Theme 13*

Maserati, Bugatti, Mercedes-Benz, Jaguar—these names stir the hearts of thousands of people in many nations; these are the names of the best of a select group of automobiles—sports cars. Sports car enthusiasts are legion; they flock in droves to see the races at Le Mans, Lake Geneva, and the Mille Miglia, the most famous international sports-car events. The thrill, they say, of seeing a factory-assembled Jaguar skim over a dirt road at a hundred and fifty miles an hour is unmatched by any other sport.

The beginnings of this sport lie in the very advent of the automobile at the turn of the century. As soon as two automobiles were placed on a single road, human behavior dictated that the better of the two must be determined. Through the years, sports cars have become more specialized (although they

still come directly off the assembly line) until each steel-and-fire masterpiece is now capable of one hundred and twenty to one hundred and sixty miles an hour.

Races between sports cars have grown increasingly popular, especially since the Second World War. These races serve a twofold purpose: entertainment and experimentation. The thrills and glamor of a race among top-quality sports cars are truly memorable. The Grand Prix is the Kentucky Derby, the Rose Bowl, and the World Series rolled into one, according to its most avid participants and spectators. But aside from entertainment, a definite need is fulfilled by these races: the need to give superior-quality equipment an opportunity to display its ability and power to the fullest extent. The best European automobile factories spend thousands of dollars each year on special racing teams to see what their products are able to perform. Their reward is the steadily-growing number of thirty-mile-an-hour businessmen who say, "My model Jag turned 148 at Le Mans."

But this rosy picture of sports-car racing is marred by one fact that cannot be ignored: the sport is becoming dangerous to the point of murder. Recently, two catastrophes have prodded factories, racers, and fans into a little soul-searching. In June of 1955, eighty-two spectators were killed at Le Mans when a fiery mass of magnesium alloy which had once been the pride of the Daimler-Benz factory rolled into the crowd; one hundred and five others were injured seriously. In May of 1957, at least twelve spectators were killed in Italy's Mille Miglia race, "long attacked by the Italian press as 'collective homicide'. . . ."

A serious problem lies before the automobile factories and the nations (presently including the United States) which permit sports-car racing: should this deadly sport be abolished? The answer should be a highly qualified but emphatic *no*. Certainly there have been massacres in the past at sports-car events; moreover, there will be more in the future—unless the entire racing setup is overhauled.

The first part of this overhaul should be stricter control over the spectators. Too many spectators now are allowed to crowd dangerously close to the roadway; the two disasters above can be attributed mainly to this cause. Secondly, a better method of signalling drivers than the present hand waving should be installed at the major races; this might have prevented the pile-up of cars at Le Mans that precipitated the 1955 catastrophe there. Lastly, the roads used for these races, notoriously abominable in condition, should be inspected more closely and improved in many cases.

Granted, sports-car racing is dangerous. But with the improvements outlined above, the sport can retain its thrills and glamor without driving itself to destruction—as it certainly is doing now.

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\* "Deadly Blowout," *Newsweek*, XLIX (May 20, 1957), 100.



# The Moscow Mother Goose

JOHN B. MEANS

*Rhetoric 101, Theme 7*

(How the typical Communist would explain the story of Little Red Riding Hood)

The freedom-loving Soviet Government of the U.S.S.R. has carefully considered the invitation to attend a meeting to arrange a peaceful settlement of all disagreements between the Big Bad Wolf and Little Red Riding Hood, Grandmother & Company. The invitation is rejected. The Soviet Union could not consider attending a meeting at which the Big Bad Wolf was not present as a neutral.

The proposition that the Big Bad Wolf was the aggressor is completely false. Such capitalistic propaganda cannot be tolerated by this nation. All fair-minded and free-thinking people are aware of the fact that Grandma was the imperialistic aggressor, that she was the capitalistic master-mind of a conspiracy for the economic exclusion of the neutral Big Bad Wolf from the free markets of the world as well as from her domestic market.

Little Red Riding Hood's arrival at the cottage was obviously a planned interference. The warmongers who schemed in this manner were planning to do injustice to the Big Bad Wolf, and therefore were foes of true democracy. It is the opinion of the Supreme Soviet that Little Red Riding Hood had no legitimate excuse for being at Grandma's house so shortly after the arrival of Big Bad Wolf.

The charge made by the West that Grandma had been exterminated by the wolf cannot be accepted as fact. It is obvious that Grandma simply disappeared. However, it is the opinion of the Premier of Russia that the blame for Grandma's disappearance lies upon the head of Anthony Eden, for it has been known by Soviet Intelligence for some time that Grandma was conspiring with the Western warmongers in an effort to obliterate the Big Bad Wolf, Snow White's Wicked Stepmother, Cinderella's Stepsisters, the Dragon, and other world-renowned supporters of free democracy.

As evidence to support this preposterous claim of Grandma's destruction at Wolf's hands, the allegation has been made that the Big Bad Wolf was seen wearing nightclothes supposedly belonging to Grandma. This charge was leveled against the Big Bad Wolf by Red Riding Hood, who is most certainly not an impartial observer. This accusation is obviously a frenzied, last-minute attempt of the Wall Street capitalists to bring dishonor to the name of the Big Bad Wolf. Even on the assumption that this accusation should be true, Grandma's disappearance cannot be wholly accounted for. If an individual wishes to put in an appearance dressed in a nightgown, it is certainly his privilege to do so, and we intend to protect that sovereign right.

Viewing these recent happenings in retrospect, the Soviet Union wishes

to controvert the imperialistic propaganda that the Big Bad Wolf was the initial aggressor. History bears ample proof that the Big Bad Wolf has never been belligerent. In fact, he is an enthusiastic supporter of world-wide peace and disarmament. It would be well for all people's democracies to keep this fact clearly in mind.

## The Real Meaning of College

SAYRE D. ANDERSEN

*Placement Test Theme*

The contemporary college has come to have a great variety of meanings to its students. With the advent of a greater and greater number of college freshmen each year has come a host of misconceptions about higher education. Unimportant aspects of college life have succeeded in replacing education as the prime purpose of a university. One of these aspects is social life. To minimize the importance of social activities in college life is wrong; to stress them in a manner disproportionate to their actual worth is a far greater wrong. It is not uncommon today to go to college to get a social education. In some fraternities and sororities, scholarship takes a back seat to activities and dating. The latter, in general, has been elevated to a height of prominence far above its actual worth. To many students, college has become a place to find a husband or wife.

What, then, does college really mean? Having been derived from the Latin words *cum* and *lego*, the word *college* actually means a "reading together" or a "studying together." This is part of the real meaning of college—scholarship. It is by far the most important part. In previous generations this fact was honored and respected, and only those who were good scholars could ever hope to go to college. Today a higher education can be had by the majority of the people, but the standards of colleges have fallen. It is up to us to raise them back to their previous position by stressing the importance of scholarship in the student's life.

The final portion of the real meaning of college is an intangible which I shall call opportunity. College is composed of many different opportunities: to meet people, to learn to live with others, but most important, to get an education. In my opinion, these all boil down and resolve themselves into one: the opportunity to prove oneself by oneself. No longer under the wings of his parents, a college student must prove his merits solely by his own personality and ability.

The true meaning of college then, is scholarship and opportunity. It is my desire to make the best of both.



# Swan Song

WILLIAM L. MAGNUSON

*Rhetoric 101, Theme 8*

One of the most unforgettable experiences of my life occurred in the summer of 1955 while I was in the navy. I had been sent to a weather station on a small two-square-mile speck of land in the Caribbean Sea which carried the name of Swan Island.

My job was to tend the microseismograph equipment and send coded reports to the main station in Miami. This consumed only a small part of the day; consequently, I had the difficult job of deciding whether to skin-dive, fish, or read a book while basking in the sun—there was always a cooling sea breeze to alleviate the hot temperature of the tropics.

Here was a paradise of my own which equalled any I had ever read about. A paradise, that is, until "Janet" entered our lives. One day she came swirling out of the mid-Atlantic, never curving to the north, as is the trend of most storms, and a day later she was half-way across the Caribbean. This was her position when a P2V Neptune weather plane with nine crewmen and two reporters (along for a story) began penetration of the "eye" at 1500 feet to collect weather data. The last message received from the plane read, "Velocity estimated 200 knots. Beginning penetration." The eleven men and the plane were never seen again.

The tension began to mount on our little island as the "killer" headed directly toward Swan Island. We knew there would be no escape for us, since there was no landing strip for planes on the island and no ship would venture into hurricane waters. We could only sit tight and pray that the storm would turn.

But turn it did not, and at 0700 hours on September 15 we saw the first advances of the storm's cloud formation and felt an increase in wind velocity. At 1000 hours rain began to fall and the wind was from the north at fifty knots. The palm trees were bending almost to the ground. The director of the island decided we should all take refuge in the micro vault.

At 1100 hours, from our closed retreat, we heard the giant twin radio towers crash to the ground after being knocked from their foundations by the 100-knot wind which was now blowing.

The full fury of the storm struck at 1200 hours. We could only estimate the wind velocity to be in excess of 200 knots, for our wind measuring instruments record only to 150 knots. The day was turned into complete darkness by the layers of clouds and torrents of rain. The windows of the vault were blown in, and in came the driving rain. Our concrete building began to tremble from the great buffeting. No one spoke in those windy, dark, damp, fearful moments.

Suddenly the rain ceased and the wind died to a relatively mild 50 knots. The sky brightened and we could even see patches of blue. We knew we were in the center of the storm. It was passing directly over us and we were in the "eye." This was only a false calm before the final half of the storm roared over us.

This half hit the island in the opposite order of weather. By 1500 hours the wind had slowed enough to allow us to leave our shelter, which we found to be the only structure left standing. Every tree on the island, fifteen thousand palms, had been beaten to the ground and stripped of leaves. The farm animals, six cows and fifty chickens, had been washed into the sea.

The following day a navy plane flew over and dropped medical and food supplies and a message which told of a boat being sent from Key West to pick us up and return us to the United States.

The boat did not arrive for two days. We spent every daylight hour salvaging all items of value and personal importance. No paradise now! There was only destruction to meet the eye: the crumpled steel radio towers, wooden debris that had once been houses, schools of fish and other sea-life washed ashore and rotting in the humid air. We could find relief from the stench nowhere, for it penetrated even to the middle of the island.

Despite our search, there were few possessions carried with us on the homeward journey. However, it was a very thankful group that sailed away from Swan Island.

## “Literature is printed nonsense,” Strindberg

FRANCES AULISI

*Rhetoric 102, Final Theme*

Assuming that Mr. Strindberg implied that “literature” consists solely of poetry and fiction, I can agree with his sentiment, to a degree. A great deal of literature is nonsensical, largely for two primary reasons—either the author loves to release his emotions through writing, or he has a flair for writing and he needs money.

If he writes for his own satisfaction, the majority of people cannot decipher his style. Modern poets fall into this pitfall when they compose abstract works which contain lines such as “Stinging sky and my heart swallows it.” I understand this line (written by me). Do others? To me it symbolizes utter disappointment, and some of my dejection was released when I laid my hurt open instead of suppressing the welling of self-pity which I felt. However, others are probably left cold by my private bonfire of feeling.



If the author writes for money, he often produces work with stereotyped commercial appeal. The novel such as *Forever Amber*, which contains passionate love scenes in every other chapter, serves as a good example.

Other literature may also be sheer printed nonsense—but, oh, what wonderful nonsense! This nonsense offers a release from life and a chance for vicarious romance and adventure. Lewis Carroll wrote some of the most nonsensical nonsense, and it actually seems more substantial than life.

'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves  
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe;  
All mimsy were the borogroves,  
And the mome rathe outgrabe . . .

This excerpt from "Jabberwocky" brims with mystery, excitement, and truth. I can picture a weird swamp scene, an atmosphere tense with anticipation for the coming of the fabulous "Jabberwock," whose "vorpal blade" goes "snicker-snack." Again, in *Alice in Wonderland* the unrealistically realistic Mad Hatter, who insists that "unbirthdays" are better than birthdays because they occur 364 days each year, appears quite logical.

"The Great Lover," by Rupert Brooke, takes the commonplace parts of living and transforms them into bright discovery for the reader. "These things I've known and loved . . . white plates and cups clean-gleaming . . . wild smell of hair . . . rough male kiss of blankets . . . raindrops couching in cool flowers . . . and flowers themselves that sway through sunny hours . . . strong crust of friendly bread . . . wet roofs beneath the lamplight." Sometimes we little hurried people get so caught up in the rush of living that our eyes never revel in our dishes' whiteness, and our senses never enjoy the caress of a blanket or the resistance of bread crust. There are numerous other small adventures of life which I myself have come to perceive and enjoy because I had my senses reawakened by Brooke's "nonsense."

In the impact of the well-written novel lies enough powerful drama to jolt whole sections of the world to attention. *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, by Harriet Beecher Stowe, has been cited by some historians as a vital source of agitation in the organization of an abolitionist movement against slavery in the South. She delineated her characters in a style that evoked sympathetic feelings for slaves, and hatred for all slave-owners no matter how solicitous or lenient they might have been toward their slaves.

Literature has as much place in life as any other form of writing. It is as vital as the newspaper because it enlarges on events which are reported in the newspaper. It is as vital as exposition because it often furthers the causes which expository articles support. It is as vital as life itself because without the emotional experiences which literature offers, life would often be nonsense.

# A Vision

WOLFGANG SCHULZ

*Rhetoric 102, Theme 10*

At last the great powers of the world made peace and agreed to end the armament race. They decided to destroy all atomic weapons, their production centers, and all data and information about the development of nuclear weapons.

Up to that moment, a huge amount of radioactive material waste had been accumulated and was to be more than doubled by the destroyed arms and machinery. Some measure had to be found to rid the nations of this material which would radiate for thousands of years and be a creeping death to all living beings. Four different locations in bare mountain regions or deserts, far from human habitation, were chosen as atomic burial grounds: the Swiss Alps, and the deserts in Australia, Siberia, and the United States.

In geographical maps, these locations were indicated as white spots. Nothing could better characterize these moon-dead areas. No plant or animal lived there, no fountain or river existed that could bring water infected with radioactivity out of these "hot" regions. Airplanes avoided flying over these territories. True, windstorms sometimes swept over the sands and carried clouds of deadly dust even as far as to human settlements; but most of the time they subsided before they could do substantial damage. The radioactive metal parts and fluids were stored in concrete buildings or underground tanks. Roasting in the sun were the bones of their builders—mostly criminals who had been forced to do the building—like the bones of pirates accessory to a hidden treasure.

The men who died in the deserts became heroes, saints, saviors of mankind. Although in the early stage of planning many scientists and statesmen bitterly opposed the project which meant to them the destruction of man's most promising invention, later generations praised it as mankind's greatest achievement. An immense danger had been averted, an incomprehensible evil had been destroyed.

Very soon philosophical and religious movements, favored by the uncertain and hazy conceptions that existed about the nature of atomic fission and radiation, speculated, with the joy and enthusiasm to be expected of people who felt relieved from the constant threat of atomic war. They declared that the change of matter to energy was the ultimate step of man's sin, inherited from Adam and Eve in Paradise and steadily deepened. But at the moment of man's final aversion from his creator, he came back as the repentant child to his father. The atomic burial grounds were monuments to his self-denial and humility. The eternal curse was nullified. God accepted His child and gave



him, with the almost eternal radiation of the atomic material, an inexhaustible fountain of forgiveness which would wash away all future sin and crime. The Roman Catholic Church, an all-important institution then, very soon recognized its advantage in becoming the administrator of the divine forgiveness, thus ridding itself of the constant search for new relics and saints, or from the task of restoring its surplus of forgiveness. And it gave with full hands.

Some groups of people tried to make practical use of the radioactive territories: the suicides who wanted to parachute from planes, the people who wanted to expose criminals there, the religious fanatics who saw going through the radiation as a sure way of gaining God's special favor. But these were minor groups; besides, any attempt to realize one of these ideas was hindered by protective devices, by which any object penetrating a "hot" zone was tracked down.

After many, many years, an event happened that seemed impossible: the earth shook, and in great explosions all four regions burst open simultaneously; then, like roaring fire, the deadly materials spread in the form of dust storms or of rain and seawater, over the globe, killing everything.

Prophets raised voices which had been silent for centuries and said: "Sin cannot be forgiven, it can only be avenged. It may be buried and sleep a long time, but it will come to life again and seek for its creators." Their words—the truth—remained unheard.

## Son of Man

JOANNE E. RUCK  
*Rhetoric 101, Theme 4*

O son of man, the ignorant night, the travail  
Of early morning, the mystery of beginning,  
Again and again,  
while History is unforgiven.

"In the Naked Bed, In Plato's Cave"  
by Delmore Schwartz

Cannery Row is the beginning of life and the end; it is virtue and sin; it is knowledge and ignorance; it is a mirror in which John Steinbeck shows the proud world its reflection. Cannery Row is "the gathered wood, chipped pavement and weedy lots, junk heaps, sardine canneries of corrugated iron, honky tonks, restaurants . . . little crowded groceries, laboratories, and flophouses." Armed with only a pen, Steinbeck has painted a world which is beautiful and shabby at the same time.

Cannery Row is peopled with unforgettable characters like Lee Chong, the Chinese grocer who spoke a stately English without ever using the letter

R; and Dora, the great big woman with flaming orange hair and a penchant for bright green evening dresses, who kept an honest one-priced house, sold no hard liquor, and permitted no loud or vulgar talk in her house. There is Doc . . . Doc, who owned and operated Western Biological Laboratory; Doc, whose face was half Christ and half Satyr and whose face told the truth. He could kill anything for need but could not even hurt feelings for pleasure.

*Cannery Row* is not a story. Rather, it is a lot of little stories about a lot of little people who become so big that they stand out in the mind long after the final page of the book has been read.

Steinbeck has taken Man and divided him into a group of virtues and vices. There is Mack, who by ordinary standards might be compared to any Skid Row bum but who has found the one thing most men search for all their lives and seldom find—peace of mind. Mack turned an abandoned warehouse into the Palace Flophouse, where he surrounded himself with a fraternity of philosopher-vagrants. Mack and his boys never moved a muscle when a parade passed by Cannery Row; they had seen many parades in their lives and they knew what parades were all about. Instead, Mack liked to sit outside the Palace and watch a sunset, fortifying himself now and then with a bottle of Old Tennis Shoes, the three-month-old whisky which Lee Chong kept in his grocery store.

One becomes haunted by Hazel, the youngest of Mack's boys. Hazel was a very short step removed from idiocy. He asked questions all the time, not because he wanted to know the answers, but because he loved to hear other people talking. He was utterly miserable whenever there was a lag in the conversation and would search frantically for some topic about which to inquire.

There is Gay, who alternated between a life of fistfights with his espoused and periods of peace and quiet at the Palace Flophouse. Gay could have made a fortune as a mechanic; he had a way with machines and could fix anything in an amazingly short time.

Steinbeck has written a book about these people. There is no plot, for the novel is essentially a character study, a study of Man stripped of any façade which might imperil the investigation of his soul and his mind.

To some people Cannery Row was an ugly place, dirty and depressing. Doc thought it was beautiful. He understood the intricate mechanism which made the street throb with life. He understood its people; to him they did not represent evil and degeneracy; they were Man. Doc knew that Man was both Angel and Devil.

Steinbeck prefaced his novel with a reassuring note about fictions and fabrications; the people and places in his book are, of course, non-existent. But one cannot help feeling, when the last paragraph has been read, and perhaps reread, that Cannery Row is as real as Chicago's State Street. Cannery Row is any street anywhere Man lives and breathes, loves and hates, and tries to learn of that inexplicable force which directs his life.

# The Love of Life

NORMAN MYSLIWIES

*Rhetoric 102, Theme 10*

*The love of life is at bottom the fear of death*

—Schopenhauer

Man prides himself on his love of life. The theme has been used again and again throughout history. It has been expressed in tales, poems, drama, and in art. So much has it been repeated that we now accept, as a fact, that it is natural and even ennobling to possess this great appreciation of life.

Underlying this love of life, however, is a fear of death, probably the most basic fear inherent in man. Hazlitt said, "No young man ever thinks he will die." Perhaps not consciously, but deep within him, from the time that he is able to understand what life is, this fear lurks.

In every way possible, man has tried to fight this fear of death. Religion, probably one of the strongest institutions invented by man, is, for the most part, an attempt to assuage the fear of death. Every form of religion invented has promised its followers a life after death—immortality. Even the thought that he will spend eternity in hell seems to be more comforting to man than the idea of ceasing to exist. In fact, we find it quite impossible to conceive of ourselves as no longer existing. It is completely beyond our mental powers.

The rationalization of the death-fear by love of life is probably not conscious. When we are enraptured by the sensual pleasures of the world, we may want to sing, to shout our joy to the world, or to write odes to nature's beauty. But much of the ecstasy results from the knowledge that a time will come when we will no longer enjoy life's pleasures. Death is a puzzle. Will there be pleasures after? Perhaps. But the time to enjoy them is now, while we are sure of them. Truly, "The love of life is at bottom the fear of death."

# Good Lord

EUGENE BRYERTON

*Rhetoric 102, Theme 6*

Motion pictures have finally come of age. Until a few years ago, Hollywood was strictly commercial, dealing only in westerns, murder mysteries, romances, and science-fiction. With the innovation of Cinemascope and *The Robe* in 1953, however, the motion picture magnates realized that the public was interested in films with religious themes. When *The Robe* smashed all previous box-office records, Hollywood moguls decided that they were



through with commercial pictures and would now deal in the religious education of the masses. They have truly stuck to their guns, for since then no fewer than nine or ten motion pictures with strictly religious themes have been released to the public.

*The Robe*, however, is not really a true representation of this "new spirit," since it wastes too much time on unimportant, boring things, such as the crucifixion of Christ. On the other hand, *Demetrius and the Gladiators*, the sequel to *The Robe*, has mammoth sets, a cast of thousands, and many bloody arena scenes which put the necessary "zing" into the story.

Since such a successful picture was made concerning Christ's robe, other studios began to ask themselves, why not one about the cup from which He drank at the last supper? Knowing that this was a blank spot in every person's religious education, Warner Brothers decided to fill the gap with their *Silver Chalice*. While they were about it, they decided to place the Tower of Babel in its correct chronological position (during the time of Nero Caesar), and had Jack Palance jump from the top of it to prove that good will triumph over evil every time. Although the cup itself happens to get lost during the first hour of the film, the movie-goers spend a very enjoyable three hours viewing the excesses of Nero's court, thrilling hand-to-hand combats, and a tempestuous love affair.

Seeing by the box-office receipts that the public was still interested in religion, Hollywood proceeded to educate them further by the release of *The Prodigal*. Based on a few short Bible verses referring to the prodigal son, this two-and-one-half-hour film relates, in detail, not only his departure and return home, but also goes into greater detail on just *how* he squandered his half of his father's estate. It seems he runs into a heathen princess (played exquisitely by Lana Turner), and after a heated affair with this foreign beauty, he renounces her and goes back to his father.

Not to be outdone in the enlightenment of the masses, Paramount brought out *Samson and Delilah*. This too is a Bible story, in which Victor Mature has his locks and his strength shorn from him by Hedy Lamarr. Delilah, as you well know from the Bible and the famous opera, later falls in love with Samson and eventually he forgives her. They are locked in each other's embrace as the walls of the heathenish temple of Dagon fall, crushing everything and everybody.

No list of true-to-life, authenticated religious films would be complete, of course, without mention of Columbia's *Salome*. Great emphasis is placed upon the fact that she was forced to dance before King Herod, and great emphasis is likewise placed upon Rita Hayworth's interpretation of the "dance of the seven veils." This dance adds the final religious touch to the picture, and the entire theater audience works itself into a religious frenzy because of it. Unfortunately, poor Salome never does get to finish her dance, for when the head of Saint John is brought in on a silver platter, she faints dead away. Simple,

homespun girl that she is, Salome later marries a Roman soldier and settles down into a model Christian way of life.

These pictures are by no means the only ones that have been released. Many others are now in circulation, and many more are being planned. Hollywood is indeed to be congratulated on the tasteful way it handles these films, the sensitive actors that are used in the portrayals, and above all, the admirable way in which it avoids all temptations to swerve from the stories as originally presented in that greatest of all script-books, the Bible.

## Where I Would Like to Be Now

PHILLIP A. WEIBLER

*Rhetoric 102, Theme 7*

Where would I like to be now? If I had a choice, I think I should return to Stotesbury, West Virginia. I have two reasons for this choice. First, I like the people there and their way of life. Second, I think it is a very beautiful country, especially in the late fall.

Stotesbury is an unincorporated town of about five hundred population, located in the heart of West Virginia's coal mining area. The shallow Gulf Creek flows over a silken black bed of coal dust, and the narrow valley floor which it has carved out of the mountains is monopolized by two high-capacity railroad branch lines. The mine head, three-quarters of the way up the mountain-side, dominates the landscape, and indeed the livelihood of the people in the valley. The black bulk of the tippie springs away from the hillside and reaches halfway across the valley floor. These are the elements that have dominated the life in Stotesbury for years in the past, and that will continue to do so in the future.

The people realize this, and they go about their daily work quietly and skillfully, with a firm conviction that their mission in life is to keep the coal flowing out along the Gulf Branch. I only wish that I could be so sure of my mission in life. To a man they are proud of their work and the part they play in the mining industry.

The simplest way to describe the beautiful country surrounding Stotesbury is to say that it is vertical. The scenery climbs up one side of the mountain and down the other and spends very little time on a horizontal plane. In late fall, trees march up the side of the mountain with bare limbs linked. Along the winding road at the top of the mountain, where sunshine is much more plentiful, the trees are still resplendent in bright reds, yellows, and browns. Yet deep in the valley, winter has already made its inroads, and frost sparkles on the immense masses of mine trailings and on the rails that carry Stotesbury's coal to the outside world.

Maybe some day I will have my chance to return to this little town. I hope so.

# Where the City Ends

FREDERICK R. WELLS

*Rhetoric 102, Theme 8*

Tokyo is a sprawling, noisy, dirty city with all the rush and commotion of our Chicago or New York. Its seven million people have accepted this way of life, but only to a limited degree. The Japanese philosophy and way of life, in their traditional forms, leave little room for such nerve-jangling hustle and bustle. There is nothing they can do about the business district's character being so out of tune with the people's, but they can and do draw a line at their doorsteps.

The Japanese people love beauty, and along with this comes a love of quietude as well. This facet of the oriental philosophy is reflected in their homes. As you approach an average residence, usually along a narrow, poorly paved and cluttered street, you can hardly discern it from all the others. They all look much the same: you can only see a high, unpainted fence, usually partially covered with vines, with a small door, so small that even the short Japanese who lives there must stoop to enter. Unless you live in the neighborhood, or you know someone there, these fences and small doors leave you with a lonesome, left-out feeling. But here is a friend's house. Shall we enter?

You open the door, crouch low so that you may enter, and realize when you stand up that this gate is where the city ends. In spite of the noise and dirt of the street, there is here a soothing quiet, a peace that makes you forget your troubles and want to relax on the cool grass by the willow tree near the house.

The yard is small. It is occupied mostly by a rock garden and a goldfish pond, both masterfully designed and placed to give the utmost esthetic pleasure and also to give the illusion of more space than there really is within the fenced area. The grass is a rich green, and there is a path leading to the small house.

The house, like the fence, is unpainted. The reason for this is the Japanese feeling that paint, unless kept up, will mar the beauty of their homes. Then too, the natural wood, darkened by constant exposure to the weather, blends into the surrounding area so that it seems to be a part of the natural beauty there.

To enter the house, there is a sliding door with large panes of rice paper, which we push aside. Immediately in front of us there is a vestibule where we take off our shoes and exchange them for *zori*s, a sort of slipper. A few steps up and we are in the house itself. There is one room, and one piece of furniture. The floors are covered with large, rectangular mats of straw, called *tatami*s, and in the middle of the room is one low, round table with several cushions spread around it.



The uncluttered room, the quiet garden, the simplicity of life, all blend to give a wonderful relaxation hard to find in any modern city. The peace of home and garden truly makes that small door in the high fence the place where the city ends.

## Cayucas I Have Known

WILLIAM C. WILLOUGHBY

*Rhetoric 102, Reference Paper*

I was practically reared with a cayuca paddle in one hand and a machete in the other. I have my machete hanging on the wall at home, but I seem to have lost my cayuca paddle. It's a shame, too, because the happiest hours of my boyhood were spent in sailing and rowing my small cayuca on the lakes and rivers of the Panama Canal Zone.

A cayuca is a form of dugout canoe hollowed from a single log.<sup>1</sup> Though dugouts are found in all parts of the Americas,<sup>2</sup> the true cayuca is native to tropical Central America, where mahogany and cypress logs of sufficient size and quantity are available.

The pirogue, found in the southern United States, is made of roughhewn planks and is not a true dugout.<sup>3</sup> Pirogues are usually supposed to be an invention of the French Arcadians. In reality, they are copies of a craft made by the Indians of the lower Mississippi Valley.<sup>4</sup> In northern South America we find the "duck billed" and "u-bow" *uba* in the Amazon regions<sup>5</sup> and the sailing *canoa* along the northern coast.<sup>6</sup> But these craft often have built-up gunwales and bows. The *piraqua* (from which the word "pirogue" is derived) is found in British Guiana and the Antilles, and is a dugout made from a log which has been completely hollowed and the open ends then plugged with shaped wooden pieces.<sup>7</sup>

A cayuca, though, is always made entirely from one log. It usually varies in length from twelve to thirty feet, although I have seen crude *chicas* or child's cayucas only eight feet in length. Sailing dugouts are sometimes fifty feet or more long.<sup>8</sup> To the person who is used to canoes and rowboats, the cayuca seems unusually narrow. Cayucas are usually from twenty-four to thirty-six inches in breadth, and from twelve to thirty inches in depth.

Cayucas are made from both the hardwood and softwood trees of the jungle. The hardwoods make a stronger and longer-lasting dugout, but they are difficult to shape and hollow. The softwoods, the most common of which is balsa, are easy to work, but the cayuca will often become waterlogged and sink within a matter of months.<sup>9</sup> The majority of cayucas are made from mahogany, a semi-hard wood. Central American mahogany is not as fine-grained nor as durable as Philippine mahogany, but it is easily worked, has good weathering properties, and will not become water-logged.

In selecting a tree from which to construct his dugout, the native boat-

builder searches the jungle until he finds the trunk he wants. He marks the tree for cutting, and returns to his *bohio*<sup>10</sup> for cutting tools. Giant mahogany trees, four feet across, are cut down by machete. Axes and saws are available, but are almost impossible to re-sharpen in the jungle. Often the builder's entire family will make camp around the tree while it is being felled.<sup>11</sup>

After felling and trimming, help is obtained from other boat makers and their families. The log is moved to the site selected for the building of the cayuca. This place must have a plentiful supply of both water and dry wood. Usually a stream or river is selected, though a jungle spring will serve the purpose. When the building site is reached, a new *bohio* is built, and the entire family settles down for what may be a week-long task.<sup>12</sup>

The trunk is first marked off for the outside shaping of the hull. This is accomplished by machete, hatchet, adze, and wedges. No plan or blueprint is used, and only the artistry of the workman determines the final hull shape.<sup>13</sup> Typical cayucas have pointed and upswept bow and stern, with considerable sheer. The sides are rounded, with the widest portion about amidships. The bottom is flat, with no keel, unless the craft is to be used for sailing.<sup>14</sup> If the cayuca is to be powered by an outboard motor, the stern is made square, with no sheer, and a hardwood transom is added. The hollowing out is begun only after the outer hull is completed.<sup>15</sup>

The hull is usually hollowed with adzes and axes. Fire was used by more primitive man, but steel tools have largely replaced this method.<sup>16</sup> To keep from cutting the sides too thin, holes are drilled along both sides and bottom. The bottom holes are drilled about two inches deep, and the side holes about one inch deep. These holes are plugged with wood different from the hull. The builder then uses these plugs as gauges, and hollows out the hull until the plugs are reached.<sup>17</sup> Calipers and templates are also used to gauge hull thickness.

The inside has a flat bottom with rounded sides, and smoothly sloped ends. The sloped ends are marvels in design, for they allow a swamped cayuca to be emptied of water by one man, who goes over the side and pushes the cayuca back and forth, the momentum of the craft causing the water to splash over the ends. A skillful paddler can do this while sitting in the cayuca.

Often, after being hollowed, the cayuca is considered finished. But the cayuca may now be given added beam and greater stability by "spreading."<sup>18</sup> In spreading, the cayuca is filled with water and the water is heated to the boiling point by hot stones. This is the reason for the supply of water and dry wood. The hot water softens the wood, and the sides are pushed apart by wooden thwarts and wedges.<sup>19</sup> By spreading, a cayuca with a thirty-inch beam can be made from a log only twenty-four inches in diameter. After drying, the wood will keep its shape and the thwarts can be removed, though they are often left in for seats.

The carving and decoration of a dugout seem to vary inversely with the availability of good trees. The Indians of southern Alaska, who have few good

logs, make elaborately carved and decorated canoes.<sup>20</sup> But little or no decoration is wasted on the cayucas of Central America. If any decorating at all is done, the designs are painted on. Blue, yellow, and black are the favorite colors.

Mr. William Quinn, who now lives in Urbana, Illinois, is a well-known lecturer on Central and South America. He showed me colored slides of cayucas in the Panamanian province of Darien, decorated with red-lead hulls, black interiors and yellow zinc chromate trim. All of the paints were probably stolen or traded from the United States Army, which had a few outposts in this wild region during World War II. Usually, though, cayucas are left unfinished except for a thin coat of melted beeswax to keep out the moisture.<sup>21</sup> The final fitting of the hull is done after decorating, and depends upon the way the cayuca will be used.

There are three ways of propelling a cayuca: by pole and paddle, by sail, and by motor. "Poles are the most obvious, and perhaps the most primitive method of driving canoes along. In many localities, they are effective, convenient and easily obtainable. For hunting or fishing, it is found that poles are more nearly silent than paddles and more effective in turning the canoe about and bringing it promptly to a standstill."<sup>22</sup> However, paddling is used almost exclusively in Central America because of the great depth of the lakes and rivers, especially during the wet season.<sup>23</sup>

The type of paddle used depends upon the position from which it is to be held. The paddles used from the sitting position are from four to six feet long. Those used while standing are from six to eight feet long.<sup>24</sup> The paddles have spoon-shaped blades, with a width about one-half the length. The top of the blade is tapered into the round shaft. No decorative carving is done, but the paddles may be elaborately painted.

The paddle is held in ". . . the palms in opposition hold. It is a grip widely used in Central and South America."<sup>25</sup> The paddle is grasped with the blade to the left, the left hand next to the blade with palm down. The right hand is placed at the end of the shaft with the palm up. The cayuca is paddled much like the birch bark canoes of the North American Indians. Unlike the Northern Indian, the native of Central America paddles on both sides of the cayuca.<sup>26</sup> The grip is not reversed, since the hull is narrow enough to be reached across easily.

On longer trips—on the lakes and at sea—sails may be used. Sailing was not a part of native American culture, but many cayucas have been adapted to be used with the white man's sail.<sup>27</sup> An unusual "scissors mast" is mounted just forward of amidships. A large square sail is used, often without a boom. I have often seen these crudely rigged craft far out at sea, beyond the sight of land. When used with a sail, a small keel is often built into the cayuca.

Since sails are almost impossible to use on the swift rivers of the tropics, many cayucas have been adapted for use with outboard motors. Nothing seems to be as incongruous as the teaming of an outboard motor and a cayuca. A



thick transom is built into the squared-off stern. The motor is mounted and used as if it were in a rowboat. The Choco Indians of Panama, who have generally shown no affinity for "civilization," quite readily accept the outboard motor in trade.<sup>28</sup> Of course, only the well-to-do native can afford gasoline for a seven-horse Mercury engine.

Whether paddled, sailed or used with an engine, the cayuca is a means of economical transportation. The jungles of Central America have a few trails and almost no roads. Recently, the airplane has been introduced,<sup>29</sup> but the cayuca is still the best means of transportation on the thousands of streams, rivers, and lakes of the tropics.

Bananas, the backbone of the tropical economy, are shipped to the ports and markets by cayuca. The banana dock is a part of every waterside village.<sup>30</sup> The large fruit companies pay the planter about fifty cents for a stalk of bananas, which retails in the United States for ten dollars. The natives also raise and ship mangoes, sugar cane, avocados, coconuts, *yamki*,<sup>31</sup> yucca, tomatoes, oranges, and limes.<sup>32</sup>

The Cuna Indians of the San Blas Archipelago are completely dependent upon the cayuca for transportation. The low, sandy islands are unsuitable for bananas, and their only money crop is coconuts. Their only market is over one hundred miles away, and so the Cunas are expert sailors.<sup>33</sup>

The cayuca also plays a vital role in hunting in the trackless jungle. Mr. David Marshall, a long-time resident of Gatun, Canal Zone, and an expert hunter and fisherman, often guided me on hunting expeditions. On our many trips into the jungle, he instructed me in how to use the cayuca in hunting.

The cayuca is kept close inshore, where game trails can be easily spotted. Places that show sign of recent activity are "baited" with bananas or some other delicacy, and the hunter climbs a tree to await developments. Any animal foolish enough to go for the bait is soon shot, bled, skinned, gutted, and on its way to the table.

At night, the hunter will drift along the bank of a stream, occasionally flashing a battery-powered head lamp—much like a miner's lantern—into the jungle. The animals are hypnotized by the bright light, and their eyes are a glowing betrayal of their presence. Deer and *conejo*<sup>34</sup> will reflect red; peccary, orange; tapir, white; armadillo, green; puma, yellow. A shotgun blast in the general direction of the reflection is deadly. This kind of hunting is called "jack-lighting" and, although illegal, is widely practiced throughout Central America.

While fishing from cayucas, the natives usually work as a team. The cayuca fisherman seldom works alone or with hook and line. *The Old Man and the Sea* is an excellent description of the danger involved. Nets are the most efficient method of catching fish.<sup>35</sup> A large net is dropped in a semi-circle off shore. The ends are landed on the beach, and the crews pull the net in. *Corbina*,<sup>36</sup> snook, red snapper, and mackerel, as well as manatee, sharks, and rays, are caught in this way.

Native children of the Caribbean regions are skilled in the use of the cayuca. Often it is their only plaything, and children barely old enough to walk can swim and paddle a cayuca. Since most land is government-owned,<sup>37</sup> a family's most valuable possessions are usually their cayucas, and the skills of cayuca building and upkeep are taught from childhood. Many hours of pleasure are afforded the young child in learning to make and use cayucas—the same cayucas that will play such an important role in his adult life.

To me the tropics will always be symbolized by a tanned youth with his machete in one hand and his cayuca paddle in the other.

## NOTES

- <sup>1</sup> Wendell P. Roop, *Watercraft of Amazonia* (Woodbury, New Jersey, 1935) p. 107.
- <sup>2</sup> Terence Quirke, *Canoes the World Over* (Urbana, University of Illinois Press, 1952) p. 42.
- <sup>3</sup> George M. Herbert, "All-purpose Boat of the Bayous," *Nations Business*, (November, 1951) p. 86-7.
- <sup>4</sup> United States National Museum, *Bulletin Number 127, Catalogue of the Watercraft Collection in the United States National Museum* (Washington, 1923) p. 205.
- <sup>5</sup> Roop, p. 31.
- <sup>6</sup> U. S. National Museum, p. 222.
- <sup>7</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 223.
- <sup>8</sup> Roop, p. 29.
- <sup>9</sup> Quirke, p. 52.
- <sup>10</sup> *bohio*, palm-thatched native hut.
- <sup>11</sup> Quirke, p. 49.
- <sup>12</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 49.
- <sup>13</sup> Roop, p. 66.
- <sup>14</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 65.
- <sup>15</sup> Quirke, p. 45.
- <sup>16</sup> Roop, p. 33.
- <sup>17</sup> Quirke, p. 45.
- <sup>18</sup> Tracey Robinson, *Panama* (New York, The Trow Press, 1907) p. 106 (picture).
- <sup>19</sup> Roop, p. 38.
- <sup>20</sup> Quirke, p. 44.
- <sup>21</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 49.
- <sup>22</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 21.
- <sup>23</sup> John and Mavis Biesarz, *The People of Panama* (New York, Columbia University Press, 1955) p. 5.
- <sup>24</sup> Quirke, p. 25.
- <sup>25</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 27.
- <sup>26</sup> Roop, p. 31.
- <sup>27</sup> Quirke, p. 31.
- <sup>28</sup> "Study Choco Indians," *Science News Letter*, (August 15, 1953) p. 102.
- <sup>29</sup> Biesarz, p. 177 (picture).
- <sup>30</sup> Robinson, p. 106 (picture).
- <sup>31</sup> *yamki*, root-like vegetable somewhat like the yellow sweet potato.
- <sup>32</sup> C. L. G. Anderson, *Old Panama and Castilla del Oro* (Boston, The Page Company, 1914) p. 4.
- <sup>33</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 14.
- <sup>34</sup> *conejo*, spotted jungle animal which resembles large rabbit.
- <sup>35</sup> Thomas Gann, *Ancient Cities and Modern Tribes* (London, Duckworth Company, 1926) p. 25.
- <sup>36</sup> *corbina*, sea trout
- <sup>37</sup> Biesarz, p. 124.

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## Rhet as Writ

Always remember that if you could a subject much better one way than into use the other way it might be much better for you in many ways.

---

Students should work harder to overcome their bad habits, such as spelling.

---

It is evident that Hemingway intended to alleviate the ponderous style of previous nineteenth century writers without losing a certain atmosphere of expectation they developed. This is partially achieved by making one of the main characters pregnant.

---

Each fraternity was trying to outdue the others.

---

Let's take the sex out of the schools and put it back into the home where it belongs.

---

Every night, when he came home from his job as a stone-cutter, he would pour himself over his books.

---

My dream of an ideal vacation would be a cruze through the Carabeau on my own private yacht.

---

I came to the University of Illinois to get a bitter education.

---

The Olympic Games were made up of many athletic feats.

---

I also learn to know many different types of girls by dating them. I think it is important to know these things in order to wisely choose a wife. I will admit, however, that my choice may not wholly be based on bare facts; love will play a greater part.

---

New types of weapons are provided. Guided missals which can be directed against enemy ground units and enemy aircraft.



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